Flew. I out of queſtion or doubt, or ambiguities
You muſt byte.
Piſt. Good good.
Flew. I Leekes are good, Antient *Piſtoll.*
There is a ſhilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.
Piſt. Me a ſhilling.
Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue an other Leeke for you.
Piſt. I take thy ſhilling in earneſt of reconing.
Flew. If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,
You ſhalbe a woodmonger,
And by cudgels, God bwy you,
Antient *Piſtoll*, God bleſſe you,
And heale your broken pate.
Antient *Piſtoll*, if you ſee Leekes an other time,
Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.
Exit Flewellen.

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.
Doth Fortune play the huſwye with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?
Well *France* farwell, newes haue I certainly
That Doll is ſicke. One mally die of *France*,
The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.
Bawd will I turne, and vſe the ſlyte of hand:
To England will I ſteale,
And there Ile ſteale.
And patches will I get vnto theſe skarres,
And ſweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.
Exit Piſtoll.

Enter at one doore, the King of England *and his Lords. And at the other doore, the King of* France, *Queene* Katherine, *the Duke of* Burbon, *and others.*

Harry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
And

And to our brother *France*, Faire time
Faire health vnto our louely couſen *K*
And as a branch, and member of this
We do ſalute you Duke of *Burgondie*.
Fran. Brother of *England*, right ioy
Your face, ſo are we Princes Engliſh e
Duk. With pardon vnto both your
Let it not diſpleaſe you, if I demaund
What rub or bar hath thus far hindre
To keepe you from the gentle ſpeech
Har. If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold
You muſt buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our arti
Fran. We haue but with a curſenar
Oreviewd them pleaſeth your Grace
To let ſome of your Counſell ſit with
We ſhall returne our peremptory an
Har. Go Lords, and ſit with them,
And bring vs anſwere backe.
Yet leaue our couſen *Katherine* here b
France. Withall our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords. Manet, F
rine, *and the Gentlewoma*

Hate. Now *Kate*, you haue a blun
Left with you.
If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour o
Into my ſaddle,
Without brag be it ſpoken,
Ide make compare with any.
But leauing that *Kate*,
If thou takeſt me now,
Thou ſhalt haue me at the worſt: